

BEAUTY'S Cruelty :

OR,

The Passionate L O V E R.

An Excellent New Play-Song, much in Request.

To a New Play-House Tune.

This may be Printed, R. P.



There is one black and sul-len Hour,
which Fate decrees our Lives should know,
Else we should slight Almighty Power,
wrap'd with the Joys we find below :
'Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let Frowns be gone,
A long, long penance I have done,
a long, long Penance I have done,
For Crimes to me alas! unknown;
for Crimes to me alas! unknown.

In each soft hour of silent Night,
your Image in my Dream appears,
I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
slumber in Joy, but wak'd in Tears :
Ah! faithless charming Sainet, what will you do :
Let me not think I am by you,
let me not think I am by you,
Lov'd less, lov'd less, for being true,
lov'd less, lov'd less for being true.



Before dear Cynthia I beheld
thy charming face, my heart was free;
From Love, and knew not how to yield
to any Beauty but to thee :
Bright as the Sun that in the East doth rise,
Did force me by a sweet surprize,
did force me by a sweet surprize,
To yield the Conquest to your Eyes,
to yield the Conquest to your Eyes.

One pleasing Smile, my Charming Fair;
my Love-sick Heart with Joy to fill;
Thy piercing Frowns breeds my Despair,
oh! let those Eyes that wound, not kill;
Since by a Smile my heart you did inspire,
And cre-a-ted in it a fire,
and cre-a-ted, &c.
That never, never can Expire,
that never, &c.

No longer then thus Tyrannize;
but all your Cruelty give o'er :
And not a heart so true despise,
that will for ever you adore ;

Ah! Charming Symp, grant love for love again;
Do not by Frowns create my Pain ;
do not by Frowns, &c.
Nor torture me by your Disdain,
nor Torture, &c.

Who is my Crime, dear Cynthia, that
my Punishments is so severe ?
Tell me that I may Expiate
my Crime, by a Repenting Tear ;
Forbear by Cruelty to Torture me,
I offer you a heart that's free,
I offer you, &c.
From false Deceit and Flattery,
from false, &c.

Oh! why, you Powers, did frame
her heart so hard, and face so fair ?
Her face did first my heart inflame,
her Cruelty breeds my Despair :
Make her more kind, ye Powers, then I crave;
That she may Cure the Wounds she gave,
that she may Cure the Wounds she gave,
Or send me to my wish for Grave,
or send me to my wish for Grave.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Back, J. Hare.